

THE

Deaf-Mutes' Friend



"UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL."

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ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM B. SWETT.

A GUMMING EXCURSION.

THE mountains are covered mostly with spruce trees, on which chewing-gum can be found in abundance, especially on the sunny side of the Hills. Parties often go after the gum. They carry poles about eight feet long, having chisels fastened to the smaller end, with which to cut off the gum when found high up the trees. The return of such a party and the distribution of the gum causes an amount of chewing that would astonish a cow.

One day, I joined a large party on a gumming excursion. The party included the Irishman whom I have noticed as making my acquaintance after a singular fashion, on my first arrival at the Profile House. We were well provided with poles and provisions, and we clambered up and across to the side of Eagle Cliff nearest to Echo Lake. Here we met with good success, and after filling our pockets with gum and disposing of our provisions, we started to return. As we were descending toward the Profile House, we espied a large porcupine on a branch of a partially fallen tree, which rested in the top of another which grew up from the foot of an abrupt and rocky precipice some eighty feet below. We commenced throwing stones at it, but the distance was too great for us to hit it and, the supply of stones giving out, we were about leaving the animal to itself, when the Irishman said he would climb the tree and capture the creature alive. Knowing the prickly nature of the porcupine, and anticipating some fun, we encouraged him to try. Throwing off his coat, he commenced the ascent; when half

way up, he looked down into the gulf over which he was creeping and stopped short. We saw that he was in danger, for the look below had made him dizzy and he was losing his presence of mind. Holding on with one hand, with the other he made the sign of the cross, and began to shout lustily for help. The men told him to hold his tongue and come back; but he chose to push on, and as he proceeded his courage returned. He got within reach of the bristling animal and, standing upright on the trunk of the tree, holding to a branch with one hand, he gave a cheer and made a lunge at it with his gumming pole. That cheer had nearly been his last; for, to our horror, he lost his balance, fell from the tree, and went headlong down through the branches. We expected he would be dashed in pieces on the rocks below and such would undoubtedly have been the case, had not his foot caught in the fork of a branch, stopping his descent, but leaving him hanging, head downward, over the chasm and unable to extricate himself. He set up a terrible yelling, as well he might; but the men told him he had better say his prayers, as there was apparently no hope for him. I soon perceived that his foot was gradually working loose, and determined to try to save him. Climbing on the fallen tree, I reached down and drove my gumming chisel firmly into the fork in front of his foot, thereby securing it in its position. This saved him from falling, but did not advance his rescue much. With one hand I made a sign as if chopping wood; the men understood me, and one of them darted away in the direction of the Profile House. While he was away, those who remained kept up a constant noise, to guide him back to the spot. He returned within a reasonable time, although it must have seemed an age to the suspended man, bringing with him an axe, for which I had made the sign. A long, stout sapling was quickly felled and trimmed; one end was placed in a rest beyond the Irishman and the other rested on the ground. Getting hold of this with his hands, our friend was enabled, when I withdrew the chisel, which I did as soon as he had a firm hold, to release his foot and regain his position on the tree. He was weak and dizzy from the uncomfortable and dangerous position in which he had been so long confined, and sick from the rush of blood to his head, so that we had to construct a rough railing of poles and assist him from his lofty perch. Once on the ground, he soon recovered and trotted away, after a parting glance at the porcupine, which had maintained its position throughout. It is safe to say that

our Irish friend was careful, thereafter, how he climbed trees or meddled with strange animals.

BUILDING A BOAT-HOUSE.

A boat-house being required at Echo Lake, I was selected to build it. It was by no means a pleasant job, not on account of the work—that was easy enough—but by reason of the spot being just within the woods which close down on the Lake, and swarm with midgets. These pests of the mountains often shorten the visits of tourists; they especially interfere with the labors of the artist, the enjoyment of the rambler, and the peace of everybody everywhere, except in the hotels, their immediate vicinity, and some few other favored spots. I commenced operations, keeping up a fire to windward, and working in the smoke as best I might. From the spot where I worked, I had a full view of the "Old Man," and during the month that I was stationed there, I saw him in all the various aspects which the changes in the weather give him. My attention was divided between my work and the "Old Man" a good part of the time, and I often hit my fingers in the attempt to drive a nail and look the other way at once. Somehow, I could not help looking; the stern old face had a sort of fascination for me and I almost worshipped it sometimes. One day, when I was more than usually absorbed in my observations, I hit my thumb a blow that took a piece out of it. The pain made me spring suddenly to my feet, jarring the slight staging on which I stood so violently that it gave way and I was precipitated into the water. As I came to the surface, after my plunge, I turned on my back and glanced up at the "Old Man," across whose rugged features I thought I detected the flitting of a grim smile at my mishap. The illusion was strong, as it often is; for even unimaginative people see many a change of expression in the 'Great Stone Face' in certain states of the weather.

Working at the Lake, I had charge of the boats used by the guests of the Hotel. One day, I saw a stout old gentleman and three ladies coming toward the boats. They stopped to enjoy the scenery for some time, and then the old gentleman called to me. I had my eye on him, expecting to be spoken to, and I pointed to my ear and shook my head. He pointed to the boats and then to himself and party, signifying that he wanted one. I came down and cast one off for him. He stepped into it, stood erect while the ladies

took seats, and then, throwing off his coat and gloves, he sat down, put out the oars and sent the boat over the surface of the Lake, with a long, regular stroke which showed him to be a sailor, and a man-of-war. In the course of an hour, he returned, paid the customary fee and went away. His bearing convinced me that he was no ordinary man. There were no signs of rank about him, only an indefinable something which created that impression. In the evening, there was a ball, and I saw the old gentleman walking about with quite a crowd following, and learned that he was Admiral Farragut. I mentally did homage to the naval hero, and studied him with interest during his stay in the hall. The next day, while I was at work as usual, the Admiral came along, asked for slate and pencil, and engaged me in conversation in regard to the circumstances attending my visits to the "Old Man," while I was constructing my "Model," a copy of which, hanging in the Hotel, had attracted his attention on the previous evening. In regard to my explorations on the dizzy heights of the "Profile," the Admiral asked me if I was not afraid at the time; to which, yankee-like, I replied by asking him if he was not afraid, when he stood in the shrouds of his vessel at the capture of New Orleans. He incidentally remarked that he was acquainted with the veteran, Laurent Clerc, and others of our notable men. At the close of the interview, I felt much elated by having had a personal conversation, all to myself, with the hero of New Orleans. There was nothing remarkable, to be sure, in his talking with me as he did, but in my regard of the fact as one of the events of my life, I am no more absurd, to say the least, than are the multitudes who throng wherever our great statesmen and generals happen to sojourn, and crowd and elbow each other in desperate eagerness to get a sight of the man or a shake of his hand. The Admiral impressed me as a dignified but genial old man, with nothing of the aristocrat about him; a genuine son of the sea, fond of society, and carrying with him a certain air which, while conducive to social intercourse, repelled any approach to familiarity.

I hoped to see him again, but when I returned from my work at night I learned that he was gone. I saw him, some time afterward, in the Rail-road Station at Hartford, Conn., and had the pleasure of being recognized and getting a shake of his hand just as he stepped on board of a train. He stands high in my estimation of men, and, hero-worship or not, I say, "Long live Admiral Farragut."

Miscellany.

JUDGE NOT.

Do not rashly judge thy brother,
If he stumble in the way ;
Life's beset with sore temptations,
He has fallen—and we may.

Let us, rather, kindly help him,
To regain the pathway lost ;
Gentle words are never wasted,
Freely give—they little cost.

Take good heed unto thy footsteps ;
Round thy walk lurks many a snare—
If, like him, thou should'st be tempted,
Oh, my brother, watch, beware !

For, we grope our way so blindly,
Through the darksome shades of life ;
And the best will err so often,
'Mid its tumult, toil, and strife—

That I think it ill becomes us,
Thus to judge our brother's case ;
Let us wait till we have triumphed,
Standing in the self-same place.

A GOOD TURN.—“I understand, Mr. Jones, that you can turn anything neater than any other man in town.”

“Yes, Mr. Smith, I think so.”

“Ahem ! Mr. Jones, I don't like to brag, but there is nobody on earth can turn a thing as well as I can carve it with my knife.”

“Pooh ! nonsense, Mr. Smith ! Talk about carving—what can you carve as nice as I can turn ?”

“Anything—everything, Mr. Jones. You just name the articles that you can turn, and I will give this quarter if I do not do it to the satisfaction of these gentleman present.”

Here Mr. Smith tables the quarter.

“Ahem ! Well, then, Mr. Smith, suppose we take two grindstones, just for a trial, you know, you carve the one, while I turn the other.”

Mr. Smith stared a moment, and then vamosed.

CONQUERED AT LAST.

BY THOMAS WIDD.

DURING my residence in Sheffield, the cutlery metropolis of England, myself and another deaf-mute, for the sake of convenience and economy, clubbed together, took a house, and commenced house-keeping in mute bachelorhood; but we managed it so awkwardly that we were compelled to hire a domestic.

Our house was no more attractive than those of our neighbors, It was one of a long range of artizan buildings, neatly and substantially built; and stretching from one end of the street to the other. We were all "dummies," as our neighbors were pleased to call us, and we had to devise a plan by which we might know when the post-man, the milk-woman, or other visitors, came to the door. A bell was out of the question, and knocker we had none, even if that would have done us any good. A happy idea occurred to us, for "necessity is the mother of invention," and we discovered a means of overcoming the door-difficulty. We cut the bell away, attached a spring to the wire, and to this another piece of wire, which had a block of wood fastened to one end, and the whole was so contrived that the least pull of the bell-handle at the door would send the block of wood, with a dull, heavy thud, to the floor of the room, and the noise, or vibration, it caused never failed to attract our attention. Many deaf-mute couples in England adopted this invention, which we never patented.

The loud thumps, which followed every pull of our bell-handle, alarmed the people and somewhat annoyed our neighbors; but on learning the nature of the invention, and its importance to us, they laughed, and said it was capital. We were often annoyed by people who loved a joke at the expense of others, and who thought it capital fun to pull our "bell" as they passed.

One individual in particular, who owned a donkey and cart, and sold sausages, poultry, and fish from door to door, visited us with a regularity and persistency most provoking. He stopped at our door with his merchandise day after day, and a thump followed every pull of the "bell." We told him we wanted nothing, and he went away. He continued to call, never passing our door without a pull, yet never effecting a sale. I was quite set against the man, for I was unfortunately almost always at home when he called, and felt the annoyance greatly. He seemed determined to make us his customers, and we were determined that he should not. As he never neglected to call, I grew angry. What did the man want? He had been told, twenty times over, that we never bought such things at the door, yet still he came! Whether it was his ignorance or impudence, I cannot say. He could read and write well, and always went off when he got our negative reply and the hint that he need call no more. Still he would come!

One morning, I saw him serving a customer on the opposite side of the street, and while he was doing so, his sagacious donkey turned to our door, and waited till his master came over, as if aware of his intention to give us a call. My temper was a little ruffled—we are poor, infirm and sinful mortals, and very few of us learn to control our tempers—but I regretted it. "There is that fellow come again," I said, mentally, as I felt the thud on the floor; "I dare say he is employed by some one to annoy us, or to sell off the stock that cannot be sold at home; or perhaps he is in league with ponchers," for I saw that he had now brought rabbits and hares. I was in an ill-temper, and wrote unjustly and unadvisedly: "I would not give half a dollar, at this moment, for all you have got in your cart; and I would rather fast twenty-four hours than taste your sausages," and hastily dismissed the man.

He still persevered, and no act of ours could rid us of him. I held a conference with my partner and Polly, the domestic. Polly had lived all her life in that same street, and knew the troublesome coster-monger and his family well. She told me that he was very clean, honest, and respectable, and that many of our neighbors, who were certainly as respectable as ourselves, traded with him. The next time he called, I went to the door myself, and told him civilly that we wanted nothing. He made a respectful bow, and took his leave. I began to like the man, and by degrees thought well of his perseverance. There could be no harm in giving him a trial. We bought a rabbit; it was good! We next ventured on a duck, and it was capital. Christmas was near, and we tried one of his geese and a couple of fowls; and the goose turned out to be one of the best we had ever tasted! The man and ourselves became better acquainted, and we found him honest, as well as industrious; and civil as well as persevering.

Yes, he, whom we took to be a rogue, conquered us at last! His honesty, respectability and perseverance, was the secret of his success.

When leaving Sheffield for London, a few years ago, two deaf mutes were seen heartily shaking hands with the prosperous coster-monger, who had so grown into their regards that they were really sorry to part with him.

A LONG SERMON IN FEW WORDS.—Henry Ward Beecher recently received a letter from a young man, who recommended himself very highly as being honest, etc., and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation, that honesty may be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor if you would be 'easy.' Do not try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't practice medicine. Be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't study. Don't think. Don't work. None of them are easy. Oh, my friend, you are in a very hard world. I know of but one easy place in it, and that is the Grave!"

LITTLE VICTOR'S CHICKENS.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A lady once had a little boy baby. She thought he was the most beautiful baby in the whole world. She named him Victor.

Little Victor grew and grew till he was big enough to wear short dresses and run about. His mother often kissed him and called him her "lorey dorey, pinky porie comfort;" but Victor never tried to speak. His mother said, "Oh, you great boy! Why don't you learn to talk? I shall be ashamed of you."

One day Victor was playing on the door step. His mother was sitting by the window. Pretty soon he began to trot off to the road. His mother called, "Victor! Victor! come back to mamma!" But the little boy did not stop. So she had to run out and bring him back.

Pretty soon he began to trot off again, and his mamma went to the door and called "Victor! Victor!" but he did not turn his head. So she ran after him again and brought him back to the door, and gave him some new blocks to play with.

While he played she began to talk to him and she noticed that he did not look up when she spoke. She wondered about it, and when Victor's papa came home she said, "I'm afraid our little boy cannot hear. Let us take him to a doctor." So they carried little Victor to a great doctor, who examined his ears and looked into his mouth, and down into his throat, and did a great many things which Victor thought were very funny indeed.

Then he said, "I am very sorry that I must tell you I cannot help him. He can never hear or speak. He is deaf and dumb." So Victor's papa and mamma carried him home, and loved him more than ever.

Once, when Victor was about four years old, the white hen had a brood of little chickens. There were twelve of them. They lived in a hencoop under a tree.

Victor loved the chickens. He would lie on the grass before the coop and watch them for hours. The old hen learned to know him, and she would let him put his hand in the coop and take out a chicken from under her wings as often as he liked. He loved to take one in his hand and cuddle it up in his neck, as he lay on the grass. Then he would put it back and take another.

One very hot day, Victor thought he would move the coop a little, out of the sun. So he lifted one end and pulled it along. One of the chickens ran under it when he did not see it, and he set the heavy coop right down on the poor little thing's back! It gave two or three loud peeps, but Victor could not hear, you know. He pushed the coop down hard to make it stand even and chickie never peeped again. Poor little chick!

Victor ran away to play, but in the afternoon he came again to see his pets. He thought he would move the coop back again. And then he saw the little dead chicken! He picked it up and wondered that it did not move or look at him. He tried, a long time, to make it stand. He brought some crumbs and tried to make it eat. Victor had never seen anything of death before and he could not understand it. So he carried the chicken in and showed it to his mother. He could not speak to ask any questions, but his little anxious, troubled face was lifted to her's so eagerly that the tears came into her eyes as she thought how impossible it was for her to tell him what he wished to know. Victor thought the tears were for the chicken, so he began to cry. His mother kissed and comforted him and patted the chicken to show her sympathy, but he would not give it up to her. He carried it off himself and she did not follow him, though she wondered what he would do with it.

A day or two afterward, she was expecting some friends to visit her. So she went up stairs to make the best chamber look nice and tidy. When she spread open the bed to air the sheets, there lay Victor's little dead chicken! He had tucked it in there, hoping to make it well again.

When Victor had grown to be a large boy, he went to a school where deaf and dumb children learn to talk with their hands. He learned about the soul; about death and heaven. He learned to understand many things which had troubled and perplexed him. But he never forgot his surprise and sorrow when his little chick died.—*M. A. B.*

"KEEPING SECRETS."—A good way to keep a secret is to keep it to yourself. If you tell one, you might as well tell everybody. The following is related of Stewart, the celebrated painter, which illustrates finely the power which a secret has to propagate itself, if once allowed a little airing, and to reach a few ears. Stuart had, as he supposed, discovered a secret art of coloring—very valuable. He told it to a friend. His friend valued it very highly, and came, some time afterwards, to ask permission to communicate it, under oath of eternal secrecy, to a friend of his who needed every possible aid to enable him to rise.

"Let me see," said Stuart, making a chalk mark on a board at hand; "I know the art, and that is—"

"One," said his friend.

"You know it," said Stuart, making another mark by the side of the one already made; "and that is—"

"Two," cried the other.

"Well, you tell your friend and that will be—" making a third mark—

"Three only," said the other.

"No," said Stewart, "it is one hundred and eleven!" (111)

DEAF-MUTES IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

I NOTICED, in a Sabbath School where I happened to be not long since, grouped in a corner of the church, an adult class of deaf-mutes. I learned that there was a neighborhood of these persons in the town, that had been drawn together for mutual convenience and society. They were worthy persons, and religiously inclined. They attended the Congregational meeting, and had formed their selves into a Sabbath School class. There they were, in a distant corner of the church, as if to get themselves as much out of notice as possible; and were earnestly engaged on the lesson. Seldom have I witnessed anything more interesting than that exercise. It was animation itself! It was soul-activity, soul-society! Nothing could exceed the apparent enthusiasm of the class. There was a voice of the features, an utterance in the manipulations, an expression of the countenances, that seemed to leave nothing wanting in the way of inter-communication. "It is a scene for an artist, or for the angels," thought I, as I looked on from across the church. But the mere artist could not, by the help of the sun, or the mixing of his colors, have been able to get the full expression and inimitable action of these silent speakers. The charm of the scene was half in expressive silence and soul-earnestness. The scene had all the fascination of a tableau, with the eloquence of inimitable action super-added.

There was the teacher at the head of the pew, who seemed a middle-aged man, and was himself the very impersonification of the lesson. We used to read, in the classics, of those made active and enthusiastic by false oracles; but this man was exercised by the inspiration of other and purer oracles; and the expression corresponded to the inspiration. The whole class were in sympathy with him, apparently, and with the truth as they caught it from him. His hands talked; their hands talked. His eyes flashed instruction, and it played on all their countenances, and animated their expressions. It seemed an incarnation of the truth; a personification of the lesson.

At times they seemed a *mutual class*; for each one had his or her turn, in leading out the thought of the class. It was social religion surely. It was mutual religion certainly.

Nor did the singing and the prayer change the scene; nor the address at the close. Their world seemed to have its own axis, and to move on by its own laws. All went on as if there were no praise nor prayer nor address elsewhere. But I was told that there was some one near who interpreted these things to them; and that they were having them over in their own inimitable way. Some things were impressed on my mind as I thought of the scene in the Sabbath school.

One was, that though God has withheld from these, some of the senses, he evidently made compensations in the gift of other things. They have susceptibilities that I have not; they have capabilities that I have not; and

a keenness of insight and of sensibility that is denied to others. They have the power to receive, and impart ideas that orators might covet. Perhaps they have in this world, even, a good proportion of enjoyment and profiting. For they are cut off from much that would give them pain and injury if it came to their knowledge; which cancels much of pleasure that they lose in the circumstances.

And, then, in the matter of responsibility, God acts fairly with them. Most persons are permitted to look through all the windows of sense upon this outer world, and to hear all the voices of Jehovah to his creatures. He holds such accountable according to the light they have. And if these have less light, hear fewer voices, or read less in either volume of revelation, their case is made equal, and their account will be just. We do not know, indeed, that God has not made these, who seem to be cut off in part from the world, and the Word, equal on the whole to those who have all the senses. But we say, if *such* are accountable to God, can we doubt our own accountability? If religion can be made plain even to these, what will be the doom of those who live and die in unbelief? If, without foliage, God demands the fruit, how much more when he giveth the leaf and the blossom.

I saw, too, in that group, a beautiful semblance or illustration of *acted* religion. Their thoughts took form; their emotions also; their wills and hearts expressed themselves. The whole being was busy, and put itself forth into activity. Activity is, indeed, the natural dress of piety. It is the true expression of Christian feeling. O that religion would always put itself forth and take on significant forms of expression and activity. It would then be a power in the world.

Again, I was informed that in the afternoon the teacher was accustomed to borrow the morning sermon, and express it to the class during the service by his signs. Just what people ought always to do, thought I, namely: to act the sermons, or preach them over during the week before the world; as did that teacher—his pastor's sermon—before that mute class in the corner of the church.

Another thing I could see in the group: the emblem of what the church ought to be in their separation from the world. These were in the world, but separated from it in some sense, and this by God's act. They were in the congregation, but separate from it, and this by their own humble act. They were in the world, but not of it. They were in the world, but separate from it in some sense. They were a peculiar people, and zealous in good works. So their sphere seemed, as it were, midway between ours, and the purely spiritual. An emblem, thought I, of what the church is. Let us learn of these, but chiefly of Christ, to live in another world while we yet live in this. It is less for them, indeed, to give up this world, who are held by so few bonds of the flesh; and it should be still less for us to give it up spiritually, who have been crucified unto it, and have received heavenly affections.

And I got a new impression of the possibility of inter-communication between spirits disembodied, as I looked upon this class. The natural channels of communication are closed in part in their case, and yet they articulated thought seemingly without organs of speech, and impressed themselves upon each other in a mysterious way. They had no thought nor feeling, apparently, which they could not readily communicate. The loss of a part of the senses was easily substituted. A step or two farther would seem to take them beyond the bounds of sensible impression, or communication. But perhaps not so. The soul may not depend wholly on the natural senses for communication or impression. Now, as this first step in the task did not check the flow and interflow of their souls, it is made easier to conceive how disembodied spirits can express themselves and impress themselves on other spirits, and have inter-communication in the final state. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, though the shadow of it may sometimes fall upon us.—*Congregationalist*.

JEAN MASSIEU.

Most of our readers have heard of Jean Massieu, the favorite pupil of the Abbe Sicard, whose answers to the questions proposed to him at public exhibitions frequently seemed to be flashes of inspiration. Many of these have since been traveling round the world, but in the lapse of half a century the memory of this deaf-mute prodigy has faded from the public mind. We here present some of the most remarkable of these answers : —

“What is a sense ?	Answer, An idea carrier.
What is hearing ?	The auricular sight.
What is gratitude ?	The memory of the heart.
What is hope ?	The blossom of happiness.
What is eternity ?	A day without yesterday or to-morrow.

Massieu remained in the Institution of Paris till after the death of Sicard. Later in life he married a hearing and speaking lady by whom he had a son and daughter, so says his friend and early associate, Laurent Clerc, in the *American Annals* for January, 1849. For the latter part of his life he was the principal of an Institution for deaf-mutes at Lille, in the North of France, where he died in August, 1846, at the good old age of seventy-five, says Mr. Clerc ; but as he was born in 1772 his age could only have been seventy-four.

It may be well to observe that, notwithstanding the fame which Massieu acquired by such answers as we have given samples of above, he was not very well versed in written language, both in that respect and in other solid, intellectual endowments, being inferior to Laurent Clerc.

NEVER do anything to-day which you are likely to be sorry for to-morrow.

A PANTOMIMIC WEDDING.

The ceremony called together a company of about fifty well-dressed and highly respectable appearing people, the most of whom labored under the same infirmity as the principals. It was interesting to watch this mute congregation while they awaited the arrival of the bridal party. Not a word was uttered, yet all the small talk and gossip usual on such occasion was fully and freely indulged, facial expression and pantomime being the exclusive means of communication used. But a more happy appearing and satisfied company is seldom seen together. Many were the jokes passed in silence, and great the badinage enjoyed by these speechless beaux and belles, their faces and fingers conveying to each other thoughts and expressions with a degree of rapidity that speech could hardly excel.

Perfect silence reigned throughout the church, a silence that was painful to one of unimpaired senses, and still a large and respectable company were enjoying all the gaiety and frivolity usual on such occasions, and seemed to forget for the moment that they were deprived of any of the great blessings usual to perfect manhood.

In the midst of this silent enjoyment the bridal party entered all unannounced, but as if by intuition the company discovered the fact, and eagerly changed positions, and ceased intercourse with each other, all striving to get a good view of the candidates for matrimony. The bridal procession did not differ in appearance or style from similar processions more favorably constituted. To look at it no one would suppose that it was composed of unhearing, speechless people, and yet, save the parents of the bride, all were mutes.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's, in the sign language in which he preaches and conducts the service of the church on Sundays. He first pronounced, audibly, the demand if any one knew any just cause why the two might not lawfully be joined together, and then interpreted the same in pantomime. The demand of the couple to be married was made by signs, as also the demand to each other if he or she would have the other as husband or wife, a most impressive stillness prevailing throughout the church. To these demands the parties responded by bowing their heads. The minister then announced audibly that the two had consented to be joined together according to the forms of the church, and asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" whereupon the father stepped forward, and taking the bride's hand gave it to the minister, who in turn placed it in the groom's hand, and then proceeded with the ceremony in sign language, the parties, instead of repeating the plight of troth, merely assenting at the end to the minister's manual redemption of it. The ring was then produced and placed upon the bride's finger by the groom, he saying the words of the formula by his disengaged hand. Then followed

the customary prayers, which the minister read audibly and repeated in pantomime at the same time. The joining of hands was accompanied by the words of the ritual rendered in the same dual manner. The declaration of marriage and the blessing were given in pantomime, and so clearly as to be intelligible almost literally to those not familiar with this unspoken language. The ceremony throughout was peculiarly impressive and interesting, and closed by a pantomimic congratulation of the couple by the minister.

Both the groom, Mr. Henry Buhle, and his bride, Miss Wilhelmina Marks, are graduates of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb of this city, and are well educated. Mr. Buhle is engaged in business for himself, and has already provided a home for his bride, where they will enter upon the realities of life with the best wishes and most earnest sympathies of a multitude of friends.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES. — Young man, make the most of yourself. Don't blame providence for not giving you better opportunities,—but go to work and make the most of those at your command. Go to work, and success will eventually crown your efforts. Take things as you find them, if they offer but poorly at first, remember fortune and fame cannot be won at a blow. Hard knocks, close application and persistent labor will win you honor and fortune in the end. Do not resolve to do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Waste not the precious moments which God has given you, but with your one talent or your ten talents, add to that which has been given you. From small beginnings great results are oftenest worked out; be not discouraged, then, at the meagreness of your store, but take a firm hold on hope and the future, and you will come out well in the end. Resolution is good, but action is better. Take "*labor vincit omnia*" (labor conquers all) for your motto, and push forward in the great and ennobling strife of life. A manly effort, a steady, unflagging devotion to the object of your existence will at length bring you to the goal of success. Make the most of yourself, and though the struggle may be severe at first, you will at least accomplish some worthy object in the end.

A SHREWD farmer in the Vermont legislature declined answering the speech of a member who was remarkable for nothing but frothy and pugnacious impudence and self conceit, thus: "Mr. Speaker, I can't reply to that ere speech, for it always wrenches me terribly to kick at nothing."

THE way to be happy is to do God's will; and so long as you do this, you will never be afraid to ask yourself: "What am I to do?"

GOOD works are not the cause, but the fruit of justification. The tree maketh the apple, but not the apple the tree.

Religious Department.

A SHORT SERMON.

"Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth."—John 17: 17.

We must take so important a subject into consideration. It implies separation from common use, consecration and devotedness to godly service.

Christ prayed earnestly to his father to sanctify his disciples through his truth. He always sanctified himself that his followers might be sanctified also through the truth. He asked his father to confirm the work of sanctification, strengthen their faith, inflame their heavenly affections, and support their holy resolutions.

This devoted apostle performed the work of sanctification with eminent ability and success, and maintained good works with such bravery as to astonish and confound his enemies.

Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and other saints kept communion with God for their sanctification through His truth. God took delight in sanctifying them. David eminently sought such a privilege. He longed to be entirely washed from sin, and aspired after holiness. He frequently practiced heavenly meditation. Daniel constantly prayed to be sanctified through the truth, and kept himself enthroned in the admiration of the world.

It is of vast importance to pray for sanctifying grace. God loves to encourage our prayers for it. We must be devoted to the work of sanctification, and must maintain good works with firmness and gentleness. We must pray one for another, and confess our sins with humility, that we may be healed by the work of sanctification. To go backward is to neglect sanctification and the means of grace. We must read the Bible prayerfully and pray to be sanctified as Christians. We should be anxious to be made holy. God is ready to answer our prayer for sanctification if we concentrate our efforts and affections on sanctifying grace.

"Thy word is truth." God is truth from everlasting to everlasting. Christ is the only way of truth. Other ways are falsehoods, which give us no solid comfort. Christ's kingdom is truth. The kingdom of Satan is falsehood. All on earth is vanity and shadow, but all beyond is truth. It must be borne mind that godly service is the knowledge of the most excellent and sublime truths. When the spirit of truth is manifested, it guides believers into all truth. We should find much profit in the contemplation of glorious truths. We should buy truth, but never sell it. We must endeavor to introduce the kingdom of truth into our society. To know the truth is wisdom unto salvation through Christ.

D.

THE MEASURELESS LOVE.—I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and how strong and deep it is ; it is a deep sea which only mothers can fathom. But the love displayed on Calvary's bloody cross, where God's own Son perished for us, nor man nor angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the latitude of the sun, the distance of the planets, have all been determined ; but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God pass all knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times ! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or, lashed into fury by the winter tempest, is thundering on the sand, and when you have numbered the drops of the waves, and the sands of the sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore, may we go to Him with the contrition of the Prodigal in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping us to go to God, be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of Him who, not sparing His own Son, but giving him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits your coming.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.—A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, the startling of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army, has turned the tide of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle, but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone past that might easily have gone through him ; and what little, odd, unforeseen chances of death he has seen turned aside, which seemed in full, ready and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God, not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—*Dr. South.*

Do not be troubled because you have no great virtues. God made a million spears of grass where he made one tree. The earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but grass. Only have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a saint nor hero.

This life is like an inn, in which the soul spends a few moments on its journey.

THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Editor.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

ONE more number will complete the first year of the FRIEND.

Since our last issue, we have received a fair share of orders for 1870, and are encouraged to hope that we shall be enabled to carry it through another year. Our appeal to the mutes, not to let their only organ of communication die for want of patronage, has been answered by some, and we hope that the rest of them will respond favorably and promptly.

To enable us to continue the FRIEND another year, with an increased list of contributors and correspondents and, consequently, greater facilities for news, it is necessary that the deaf and dumb and their friends subscribe liberally, and do it *now*. The FRIEND will always have the best and truest interests of the deaf and dumb at heart; will be to them a true and faithful friend; give them useful and instructive reading, not forgetting a fair share of amusement; keep them well informed of the welfare of their brothers and sisters in privation throughout the country; and do all in its power to strengthen the bond of brotherhood among them. To all this we will give our time and attention as we have done during the past year, and be content if it is supported so that it will pay its own expenses.

We shall send this number of the FRIEND to many who are not subscribers, some of whom have never yet seen the magazine, and hope its contents and appearance will induce them to subscribe.

To the large number of hearing subscribers which we have had during the past year, we return our hearty thanks and hope they will see sufficient merit and interest in the magazine to induce them to renew their subscriptions.

Whatever it has been in the past, we shall use our best endeavors to make it better in the future.

To our friends, one and all, and to the mutes everywhere, we repeat: subscribe now, and get others to do the same. We will give you the worth of your money if we publish the FRIEND another year, and return it to you if we do not.

It now lays entirely with the mutes and those interested in their welfare, whether the FRIEND shall de cease at the close of 1869, and have "Aged one year. Died from want of nourishment" engraved on its tomb-stone, or live and increase until it is an appreciated, established, and indispensable magazine, as well as a welcome visitor, necessary to every educated deaf-mute in the land.

PROF. D. E. BARTLETT recently delivered a lecture before the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Union," which was very instructive. His subject was "Language." We give a general view of his remarks: "To think and express thought is the life business of all intelligent beings. God has many thoughts, and he expresses them in the works of creation, each one of which is the offspring of a thought. If a man could think, but was unable to express his thoughts, what a useless thing thought would be. What a curious thing is the mind! Language is the offspring of thought. There are various ways of expressing thought. Even infants can understand the expression of thought in the countenances and motions of others, while they cannot understand words. Man, the master of creation, can make animals understand language. This is evident, every day, with horses and cattle. Animals have a language of their own by which they can communicate among themselves and express their wants, in a great degree, to their master, man. "Actions speak louder than words"—and a dog, running backwards and forwards between a man and the woods or some other place, says as plainly as words can that somebody is in trouble or something is the matter, in that place.

One of the most striking examples of intelligence and language in animals occurred during the late war. A company of United States' Dragoons had halted, one afternoon, in a shady grove, to rest. They had ridden long and hard, and were very tired. The horses were picketed with saddles and bridles on, sentinels were posted and the troops flung themselves on the ground near their horses and were soon fast asleep. The very sentinels grew drowsy. The officer in command remained on the watch, and after a while discovered a squadron of rebel cavalry coming at full speed towards the grove. His company was outnumbered and must fly. He awakened the bugler, who sprang to his feet and sounded "Boots and saddle." The men awoke, leaped on their horses and galloped away; all but one poor fellow, who slept on by the side of his horse. The animal saw his companions flying away, and knew that danger was around. He pulled at his halter, pawed and stamped the ground to awaken his master, but in vain. At last the beast lowered his nose to his master's ear and gave a tremendous neigh. The soldier was awake in an instant. The continued neighing of his horse, the blast of the rebel bugles and the thunder of hoofs, strongly impressed him that the world was coming to an end. He sprang into the saddle, cut the halter,

and galloped away, amid a storm of bullets, unharmed. Did not that animal reason? All things, from the Creator to the smallest thing which has life, have language and can express themselves in it. Language is the bond of brotherhood. Without it we should be stocks and stones; life would be nothing. The word "language" is derived from two Latin words which signify *tongue* and *work*, and really means "tongue-work."

What was the first language? Is it not fair to presume that when man was changed from a beautiful statue to a living, breathing creature, his first language was that of praise and adoration? All nations used speech from the beginning; reading and writing came long afterwards.

The deaf-mute, in all nations, was regarded as inaccessible to language; a mistake which was broken up by De l'Epee. A mute is as capable of expressing his thoughts, in various ways, as hearing people. The modes of expression are as various as the thoughts themselves.

There is written language; spoken language; the language of flowers; the language of signs, and many others. The subject is inexhaustible.

To understand fully the importance of anything, it is only necessary to be without it for a time. Take *water*, for instance; how should we appreciate its value if we were deprived of it for a day or two! I remember a man who gave a series of lectures on "Light," and in one of them he endeavored to impress upon his large audience the value of light. They did not seem to appreciate his remarks. Previous to his next lecture, he had the lights of the hall so arranged that he could extinguish them all by pressing a spring under the desk where he stood.

In the evening he renewed his attempts to make them understand the great and universal value of "Light," and at the end of a powerful argument he illustrated and proved his remarks by suddenly enveloping all in darkness. The greatest confusion ensued, and when the lights were restored, and the lecturer resumed his remarks, the audience were, doubtless, better prepared to appreciate them.

So with language. Suppose an enforced silence, a prohibition of all expression of thought. There could be no books, no newspapers, no telegrams, no conversation! The world would be a vast cemetery. The Universe would stand still; for Language is its life, and to stop language is to stop all progress, of whatever name or nature. There are forms of language which can be addressed to each of the five senses: sight, hearing, feeling, taste, and smell. Audible language is that which can be heard, as, the human voice, the lowing of cattle, the bark of a dog, &c. Visible language is that addressed to the eye, as, writing, print, signs, expressions, motions, &c. Under this head come all the works of Creation, which appeal to us, through the eye, in language not to be misunderstood, telling us of the goodness, love, and mercy of God, and exhorting us to love, honor, and obey Him accordingly. Tangible language appeals to the sense of touch, as, the conversation of deaf-mutes in the dark, by feeling the letters of the manual alphabet on

each other's hands. Laura Bridgman is a prominent example of the practicality of this mode of communication. Deaf, dumb, and blind as she is, she is superior to the average of deaf-mutes in the correct use of language. Constant practice has done much for her; and it must also be admitted that spelling all she says, and knowing nothing of signs, the inordinate use of which is a great obstacle to correct grammar among the deaf and dumb, has done as much for her as anything else.

✓ Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet once offered an idea, in connection with this subject. "Suppose," said he, "two perfectly dark rooms, with a thick partition between them, with a very small hole in it, and an intelligent deaf-mute in each room; could the two deaf-mutes converse with each other?" The conclusion was that, as they could neither see, hear, nor feel, conversation was impossible; but Mr. Gallaudet demonstrated that a conversation might be carried on by means of an alphabet of odors or smells, which might be conveyed through the hole on bits of sponge fastened to small sticks, as, A, (ammonia,) B, (bergamot,) C, (cinnamon,) &c. There was no pretence of making any practical use of the idea, the intention being simply to show that it might be done. So with an alphabet of taste, as, A, (apple,) B, (butter,) C, (cheese,) &c., by which a conversation might be carried on for amusement or experiment. The great and universal law of compensation is well illustrated in all this. Dr. Gallaudet's mind was a great store-house, wherein he was continually turning things over in the search for something by which to benefit and instruct the deaf and dumb. There was an alphabet of expressions of the face:—A, (admiration,) B, (boldness,) C, (curiosity,) &c. To illustrate this last, Prof. Bartlett called on Mr. Livingston, a former pupil of his, and spelled, by expressions of the face alone, words given him in writing by one of those present, Mr. Livingston spelling the words correctly on his fingers each time.

De l' Epee, of France, completely exploded the popular idea that speech or writing was indispensable to the expression of thought, and that deaf-mutes were consequently beyond the reach of education. The Professor gave an interesting account of the manner in which De l' Epee became interested in deaf-mutes, for which we have not room here, but of which we may make a separate article in future. Suffice it here to say that, having had his interest awakened, De l' Epee called to mind a maxim which his own teacher was in the habit of impressing upon his pupils: there is no necessary connection between speech and ideas; and came to the conclusion that thought might be expressed by means of sight, from simple natural signs, from pictures and objects in nature and art. His experiments were crowned with success, and to him we mainly owe the system of instruction which, brought over from France by Gallaudet and Clerc, has done so much for the deaf and dumb of America.

The subject would furnish material for a dozen lectures, and, though the Professor was obliged to cut it short, yet he occupied two hours in an interesting and instructive manner.

MR. THOMAS W. BERRY. preacher to the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association," has been obliged, by the state of his health, to give up his studies at the Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., and leave for other parts. He resigned the charge of the Association in the following letter:—

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., November 8, 1869.

Gentlemen:—I herewith tender my resignation as preacher to the Association. My reason for so doing being that the state of my health is such that my physicians order me to change my residence, this climate not agreeing with me. As I was only made aware of my state last week I could not give you a more timely notice, as I am compelled to leave town at once. I can only add that it is with sincere sorrow I leave you. I take this opportunity to thank the officers of the Association for their uniform kindness and courtesy to me. I pray the Divine blessing may accompany the seed which I have tried to sow in the hearts of those who came to my services, and that God will bless and prosper the Association in the future as He has done in the past.

My prayers will ascend for you, and whenever it is in my power I shall always be happy to further your interests. With deep sorrow I sign myself,

Yours respectfully,

THOMAS W. BERRY.

On Sunday, Nov. 14, Mr. Berry preached his farewell sermon to a large and attentive assembly. The following is a sketch of the sermon:

Text.—"Thy will be done." *Matthew, vi: 10.*

In this life, we lay down many plans for future usefulness and enjoyment. We do not like to have any one interfere with them or hinder us. God sometimes does so for His own wise purposes, and whatever He does, we should be resigned and submit, knowing and feeling that "He doeth all things well."

We are apt to get so busy with our plans for bodily comfort, that we forget the interests of the soul. When God says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," the Christian says, "Thy way, Lord, will I seek." I wanted to be a minister, but God has work for me in some other part of His vineyard, as is evident from His having made it impossible for me to continue my studies. In such things as this it is that we must look for an expression of the will of God. Before leaving you, I want to impress upon your memories that you will be called to account for the use you make of the opportunities you have had of hearing of the love of Christ, and when God asks me for the souls which were committed to my care, I want you all to meet me there.

"Finally, my brethren, be ye strong in the Lord. Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Although parted in body, we can still meet in spirit around the Throne of Grace. May God keep you, guide you, give you wisdom and strength to do right, and bring you all at last to Heaven.

Hide yourselves in Jesus Christ; cling simply to His Cross; trust entirely to his love and mercy; and all will be well.

Since the departure of Mr. Berry, Mr. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H., has preached regularly and acceptably for the Association. There is now a good deal of spiritual interest among the members and others who attend the meetings, which show an awakening of interest in the soul.

In "Conquered at Last," on another page, Mr. Widd notices an invention for informing deaf-mutes when any one calls. Such an invention has been in use in Boston for years. We do not remember who introduced it, but it is now in use in various shapes in many deaf-mute households in the city. It is remarkable that the same idea should occur to mutes in different parts of the world. The ball of wood was the first form in which we saw it. This would "awake the baby" by the noise it made, or hit a little one on the head, and it was improved by having a cord attached to a ball of wood, or a round soft ball, which would cause it to dance and swing about when it dropped from its catch, thereby attracting attention. As a general thing, the bells are not detached, but allowed to ring, as the children, domestics, or visitors can then also know when the bell-handle is pulled.

The invention is a valuable one to deaf-mutes, is simple, un-patented and available to all.

There is also an alarm contrivance which can be attached to clocks and will awaken a sleeping deaf-mute at any time desired. We had one in our house, made by ourself, from a hint given us by a deaf-mute friend, for a long time, and it always worked perfectly. It can be attached to any clock, being modified according to the kind of clock. The simplest is a cord attached to the alarm-wheel of a clock, passing from the drum to a point in the ceiling over the head of the bed, where a small spring or trap is fixed with a little wire, upon which a pillow or cushion can be hung. The alarm being set at the desired hour, when it strikes, the drum winds up the cord and the pillow or cushion drops upon the sleeper, who is aroused thereby. We must observe, however, that one must arise when first awakened, or it will, in time, fail to be of any use. We found it exactly like "conscience." If not attended to immediately every time it awakened us, it would cease to disturb us after a while. It is rather startling, at first, to have a pillow drop suddenly in one's face while sound asleep, but one gets used to it, and finds it really useful, especially on dark winter mornings. It is a faithful monitor when properly attended to, and costs only a few cents.

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Corresponding Secretary of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union, has resigned his place and withdrawn from the society. His successor has not yet been appointed.

WE can supply *back numbers* for 1869 to all who desire them at *fifteen cents* a copy, for which we send them *postage paid*.

WE have received the following particulars of the case of *Staples, vs. the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company*, referred to in our last number :

F. M. Staples, the plaintiff, who is deaf and dumb, is a son of Miles Staples of Swanville, is 34 years of age, and a shoemaker by trade. On the 31st of January, 1868, he took passage on a freight train at Vassalboro, for Richmond. He testified that at a water station a few miles from Richmond, he asked the conductor, in writing, whether the train would stop at Richmond, and that the conductor replied that it would not, but would slacken speed, and he could jump off. He did jump, and while doing so, the train started up, and he fell and had his arm smashed under the wheel, so severely as to be laid up in bed for ten weeks, and still suffered pain from it. He exhibited the arm to the jury—a crooked, distorted limb, from which the muscles were stripped.

It is a curious feature of the case that not only the plaintiff, but four of the witnesses for the defence are deaf-mutes, whose testimony was taken by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and interpreted to the court and jury.

For the defence, Charles A. Brown, a deaf-mute, testified that he watched two nights with Staples, and that he then told him that he jumped off because Charles Small, standing near the track, beckoned him to jump, and that he slipped and fell. Three other deaf-mutes, who saw him during his sickness, testified to the same. Conductor Charles French, in charge of the train, testified that he had no talk at all with Staples. The brakeman testified that he told Staples the train would stop and it did stop. The stopping of the train was also sworn to by the station-master, conductor, engineer and the only other passenger. Loud, a mail carrier, waiting at the station, testified that the train did not stop, as did also a Mrs. Claflin.

The case occupied the court the greater part of four days, as a lack of a regular interpreter made it slow work taking testimony. The jury were out one hour, and returned a verdict against the company for \$5,000.

GEORGE KENT, Esq., of Amherst, N. H., who is conceded, as yet, to be the champion fisherman of New England, at least, and of the country as far as we know, sends us his list of fish caught during the past season: 1159 trout, 786 pickerel, 1858 other fish, 8 eels. Mr. Kent is a thorough and enthusiastic fisherman, and can, somehow, catch fish, trout especially, where and when no one else can get a bite. He has often fished up or down a brook, *behind* several other fishermen, and always caught larger ones if not as many as they did.

DURING the gale, last September, Mr. Lyman E. Tripp, of Richmond, Me. suffered considerable loss. His stable was blown down, sheds unroofed, and his house partially so. A colt, four years old, was buried in the ruins of the stable, but was got out without injury.

At the late Annual Fair and Cattle Show, in Concord, N. H., a Drawing Match took place, of which we clip the following account from a Concord paper :

The Drawing Match was zealously contested by eight teams, among which was one owned and driven by Thomas Brown, of Henniker. The drawing was upon a drag loaded with a large boulder, the weight of which we did not learn, but it was probably not less than a ton—being a right smart load for two yoke of oxen, though the pulling was done with one yoke. The drivers exhibited a good deal of skill in handling their teams, and the oxen generally showed good training and great strength. Mr. Brown, of Henniker, drove his own oxen, and though he has not the power of speech, he demonstrated the fact that he could *talk* to his oxen, and that they understood what he said. He had no difficulty in drawing the load the allotted distance, and was loudly cheered by the spectators.

Mr. Brown drew the following premiums on the above occasion :

\$4 00 for plowing; \$4 00 for drawing; \$3 00 for his colt, three years old, weight 980 pounds; and Mrs. Brown drew a premium of \$2 00 for a nice lot of cheese made by herself. Well done, Mr. Brown !

STILL AHEAD.—That **STAR SPANGLED BANNER**, which for seven years has “waved” to the great satisfaction of its many thousand readers, and the *dis*-satisfaction of all swindlers and rascals generally, is even more wide-awake than ever. It has, at an immense expense, secured the services of an eminent artist, and the result is that it proposes to *give away* a splendid engraving entitled **EVANGELINE** to every subscriber for 1870. This superb work of art is *one and one-half by two feet* in size, and is equal to the best \$3 engraving ever offered. **THE BANNER** is a large eight-page, forty-column paper, overflowing with splendid reading of all kinds, and costs only 75 cents a year, which is very cheap for the paper alone, but the publishers propose giving every subscriber a copy of their elegant engraving gratis. The paper and its publishers are reliable, and it will *pay* to send for specimens to **THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER**, Hinsdale, N. H., or they can be seen at this office.

THE LECTURES in Boston, this winter, have been well attended. Before the Union, W. M. Chamberlain delivered the opening lecture, and Prof. Bartlett has twice lectured since, once giving the story of “Hope Leslie,” an interesting romance of the early days of New England, and then his lecture on “Language,” of which we give a sketch elsewhere. On the last occasion, Prof. Bartlett lectured in place of Rev. Collins Stone, of Hartford, whose turn it was.

Before the Association, W. B. Swett has delivered three interesting lectures on the White Mountains, and will continue them. These lectures are pleasantly varied by sketches of life at the hotels, incidents, accidents, adventure and fun.

THE *Scientific American*, published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, is a splendidly illustrated weekly journal of popular science, mechanics, invention, engineering, chemistry, architecture, agriculture, and the kindred arts; ably conducted, and contributed to by some of the most popular writers in Europe and America. Every number has sixteen imperial pages, embellished with fine engravings of machinery, inventions, dwellings, tools and the like.

A journal of so much intrinsic value, at the low price of \$3 a year, ought to have, in this thriving country, a million readers. Whoever reads the *Scientific American* is entertained and instructed without being bothered with hard words or dry details.

AT the Rochester, N. Y., almshouse, a few weeks ago, a child was left by its mother, on her way to Canada, in charge of a deaf and dumb nurse. A lady and gentleman, who wished to adopt the child, were told that they could have it. A woman coming to town on a visit also left her child, for the day, in the hands of a friend at the almshouse, who gave it over to the deaf-mute for temporary safe keeping. The lady and gentleman, coming in just at the proper, or improper moment, a week ago, took off the wrong child, and now the lady and gentleman cannot be discovered.—*Com.*

BOOKS! BOOKS!—Our readers who desire to send their orders to a reliable firm should address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H. For ten years this house has led in the mail book trade. They have no equals in prompt attention to orders. They often receive from six to seven hundred letters daily, and load down the mails with books, &c., sent to their customers. If you desire to deal with a "fair and square" concern, who will do *just as they agree* every time, be sure to avoid the city swindlers, and address for Catalogue, &c., &c., HUNTER & Co., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

THE mutes at large are getting anxious to know of the progress of the movement for a monument to Mr. Clerc. We have reported everything which has come to our knowledge, and we suggest that action be taken immediately in the Institutions and other places where mutes most do congregate.

MR. ADDISON PANCAKE, a graduate of the Illinois Institution, has established himself, as a photographer, at No. 108 Front Street, Bloomington, Illinois. He is spoken of as being well versed in his art, and deserving of patronage. We wish him success.

REV. Wm. W. Turner, of Hartford, preached before the "Union" recently. It did us good to see his familiar face once more, and receive one of his good, old-fashioned sermons.

NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

A GRAND Social Assembly and Festival, for deaf-mutes and their friends, will be held at **TEMPLARS' HALL**, (where the "Boston Deaf-Mute Christian Association" holds its meetings,) No. 460 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. on the evening of December 31st, 1869.

The proceeds of the Festival will be applied to the benefit of **THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND**.

The Hall will be open all day (Dec. 31st,) and all night.

Mr. Wm. B. Swett will exhibit his Star Performing Figures, or puppets, called "**THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.**" This exhibition is very ingenious and amusing, and never fails to provoke roars of laughter whenever exhibited.

After this there will be a variety of games, with various prizes offered to add to their interest; besides the usual innocent amusements on such occasions.

Music will be provided for the hearing persons present, and the amusements will be of such a nature that all can take part in and appreciate them.

A good, substantial supper will be served in an adjoining room, fitted up as a **SALOON**, about eleven o'clock, P.M., and care will be taken that all are satisfied. After supper, Hot Tea and Coffee can be had at any time.

A Dressing and Cloak Room will be provided for the Ladies.

A special invitation is extended to New Hampshire mutes to be present, and all others are requested to come and bring their friends.

Every effort will be made to ensure a good time for all.

The number of Tickets is limited to Two Hundred.

Tickets, admitting one person to the whole, **ONE DOLLAR**. All orders by mail, accompanied with the *Cash*, and addressed to **Box 314, STATION A, BOSTON, MASS.**, will receive prompt attention: or tickets can be had on application to either of the undersigned:

WM. B. SWETT,	} <i>Managers.</i>
WM. M. CHAMBERLAIN.	

NOTICE.

THE officers of the "**NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES**" are hereby requested to meet at **TEMPLARS' HALL**, No. 460 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., on Saturday, January 1st, 1870, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the selection of time and place of the next Convention and making the usual arrangements therefor; and for the transaction of such other business as may come before them.

GEORGE WING, *President.*

BENJ. H. B. ALDEN, *Secretary.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As a general rule, we shall answer the letters we receive, other than strictly business ones, in this department. If an answer by mail is desired to a letter which asks for information outside of business matters, it can be had by enclosing a stamp to pay return postage.]

Three cents is a small sum to pay for one, but if we were to mail answers to all the letters we receive, it would cost us many dollars. We shall always be happy to give any information in our power, subject only to the above condition.

All persons, either subscribers or correspondents, will please write name, town, county and state plainly and fully; this will prevent mistakes and save much trouble. In case of removal, let us know immediately, giving both present and former place of residence.

Write whatever you know, feel or think, which you consider of interest; we will make all necessary corrections in the articles we use, and thank you for them.

Correspondents can generally tell whether their articles are received and what we intend to do with them by looking below. We especially desire that all our regular correspondents should send in their favors during the first week of each month, to enable us to go to press early.

Those who receive the FRIEND with a red X marked on it, will please understand that their subscriptions have expired. In all such cases we respectfully ask for a continuance of encouragement and support by a renewal of the same.

All letters, exchanges, circulars, &c., must be addressed to THE DEAF-MUTES' FRIEND, P. O. Box 314, Station A, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.]

E. A. F.—Your second dispatch came safe. We shall give it an insertion in our next. If the first one turns up, we will return it to you if desired.

CLYMER.—We have heard nothing from you since the opening of the term, and are anxious to know why. Both our readers and ourselves miss you sadly. We hope we have not lost the assistance of your able pen. Can you not give us a summary with which to close the year?

C. L. W.—In our next. You can fill your list for 1870 on the old terms.

W. W. A.—We omitted, in our letter, to acknowledge the receipt of the MSS., and to say that we shall use it in our next.

CAB.—How about the new trial. Rumor is busy here.

H. C. R.—We think you have received the missing number before this. We are as anxious as yourself that the Clerc Testimonial should be acted on quickly; but perhaps this *slow* proceeding may be more *sure* than hasty action. "All's well that ends well," and we make little doubt that this will do so in time.

A SURE mode of never succeeding in your plans is to give much attention to those of other people.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

DEAR EDITOR:—The increase of pupils in this Institution has been beyond all precedent and anticipation. We have already about five hundred and sixteen, with more coming every day or two. A week ago they numbered three hundred and three boys and two hundred and ten girls. The Directors propose to put up a building next spring that will accommodate one hundred and fifty of the juveniles. We shall then have room enough for several years yet.

The experiment of teaching articulation is prosecuted with zeal. Prof. Engelsmann, recently principal of a private articulating school in New York city, who learned the best methods of teaching articulation in Germany, and is very enthusiastic as well as able in his speciality, has been appointed our Professor of Articulation, in place of Dr. Metcalfe, who returns to the practice of his profession. About fifty of the pupils, most of them semi-mutes, but some semi-deaf, are in this department, under three teachers. Mr. Enlesmann chiefly uses pictures in teaching. He has a large collection, representing objects, actions, qualities, and scenes, such as all children understand when shown to them.

The rest of the pupils are taught in the old way, by signs, the manual alphabet and writing. Of the teachers in this department two-thirds are deaf-mutes or semi-mutes.

Our Principal, Prof. Peet, has this morning started for Dunkirk to bring back his family, who will, hereafter, reside in the Mansion House, thus making more room in the Institution, which is much needed.

Last Thursday, Oct. 21st, was a white day in our annals. The managers of the American Institute had extended an invitation to our teachers and pupils to visit their great fair in 3d Avenue, near 63d St., and Mr. Peet, accepting the invitation for Thursday, gave leave to about four hundred of the pupils to go to the fair, leaving about a hundred of the youngest pupils quite disconsolate, but with plenty of company and careful guardians.

The four hundred, as they marched across the island to the new dock on Harlem River (about half a mile) presented the appearance of an army, and when all were on board the steamboat which had been chartered for the excursion, they looked like a swarm of bees. The posts that supported the upper deck began to give way with the pressure, but fortunately did not break down, and when the mass of curious humanity moved to one side of the boat it careened over in a manner quite alarming. However, we got along without the slightest accident, if we except the loss of a young lady's veil, which the wind took from her hat and tossed into the East River.

After visiting the fair, among the wonders of which we spent two pleasant hours, we returned to our steamboat, and were taken round Castle Garden and up the Hudson River to our own dock at 162nd St., an excursion of over twenty miles in all. Although, while in the great building where the fair is held, (built for a skating rink) every one wandered about at his or her fancy, and our hundreds were mixed up with hundreds of strangers, yet when the word was passed to get ready to return it passed so rapidly from hand to eye through the crowd that all were assembled in the street in a few minutes, as verified by a careful count, each class by itself.

This week a new programme of school hours went into effect. We now begin school (with chapel exercises) at 8 A.M. and continue (with a recess of fifteen minutes at 10 1-2) till 1 P.M., giving the teachers who are not on supervision duty, the whole afternoon, instead of breaking up their time of recreation into fragments as heretofore. From two to five is assigned for the shops, and chapel exercises are held at 8 P.M. The High Class is an exception to this arrangement. They still are in school in the afternoon, not having any work in the shops, as the other pupils have. The teachers generally profess to be much pleased with this new arrangement. They think the pupils will learn more in one morning session of five hours than in two short sessions, one of them after dinner, when the pupils are fatigued and restless, and it is a great advantage to one whose calling is so laborious as that of a teacher of the deaf and dumb to have the whole afternoon for excursions of pleasure or business.

J. R. B.

Oct. 27.

ON Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31st, Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, held a service for deaf-mutes in the Chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Boston. A large number were present. In the evening, he preached an excellent sermon before the "Association" at their Hall, 460 Washington Street.

WE have received a copy of *Leavitt's Almanac* for 1870, published by Edson C. Eastman & Co., Concord, N. H. It is a real, old-fashioned, reliable article, with cuts of "the long ago" and the usual variety of scientific and farm notes, reading, &c.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy; particularly to one who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them, for pictures are loop-holes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and to other spheres.

A MAN in Maine believes in the women's movement—on washing day.

A FREQUENT CAUSE OF DEAFNESS.

AN eminent physician's note-book furnishes the following :

"A young lady consulted me in regard to an apprehended deafness. She stated that, for over a year, she had noticed an increasing deafness in the right ear. At first she thought little of it, believing that it was a temporary disability, but as she experienced more and more difficulty in hearing, she began to realize the dreadful possibility of approaching deafness. For months she concealed her condition, but at length it became apparent to her friends, who, to her great mortification, addressed her accordingly. On careful examination, I found a large amount of wax in the external ear, and as I could discover no other cause, and it was neither hereditary nor the result of recent or former disease, I attributed her deafness to an impaction of wax against the ear-drum. (tympanum.) As I had anticipated, she quickly and sharply retorted, rejecting my opinion as an imputation on her cleanliness. I assured her that it was rather an evidence of her special care of her person, for in my experience this form of deafness more often occurred in those who took great pains to keep their ears clean. The ear-wax (ceramen,) is secreted constantly along the whole extent of the ear-tube, but only in sufficient quantity to slightly lubricate the passage. In the natural and healthy state of the parts, this wax gradually hardens, disintegrates, and falls from the ear-tube unnoticed. Whenever the ear-tube is irritated, the wax is secreted in large quantities, and escapes from the passage in masses. Many persons clean their ears daily, generally by using a wet cloth twisted, or upon a stick, hair-pin, or something similar. This frequent stimulation leads to an excessive secretion of wax, which is not allowed to dry and disintegrate owing to the constant agitation, but is crowded to the back part of the tube and plastered over the drum by the screwing of the cloth. While the external part of the tube is thus kept clean, the internal part becomes clogged with a collection of wax, and finally the drum is so covered that it does not vibrate with its usual rapidity. Indistinctness of hearing is the first evidence that the drum is beginning to be interfered with by the wax, and as the layers of fresh wax increase, the vibrations diminish in intensity, and the dullness of hearing increases.

The treatment proved that the cause of her deafness had been correctly stated. A few drops of almond-oil were put in the ear, at bed-time, to soften the wax, and the next morning the ear-tube was thoroughly washed out with soap and water by means of a syringe. Large quantities of wax escaped, in hardened masses, followed by that remarkable acuteness of hearing that, for a time, makes all loud sounds, in these cases, painful.

Cases of this kind are very numerous. I have known a judge leave the bench on account of growing deafness, due to the accumulation of wax around a mass of cotton introduced into the ear a long time previously. The ear

should never be cleaned, except with soap and water, carefully introduced by means of a syringe. By this means the ear is not irritated, the wax is thoroughly removed, even from the surface of the drum, and no harm can result."

RICHES.—The man with good, firm health is rich.

So is the man with a clear conscience.

So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.

So is the editor of a good paper, with a big subscription list.

So is the clergyman whose coat the little children pluck, as he passes them in their play.

So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.

So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life, whether she ever met him or not.

So is the young man, who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men."

So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on its lips, and for whose waking a blessing waits.

THINK.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your thoughts. But when you are alone, weigh what you have heard and traverse what you have said. It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false notions, and in eradicating unprofitable and vicious ideas, and in time make you better men and women. What you thus gain from your surroundings you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

TAKE your religion with you to the sea-shore, the springs, and the mountains; take it with you everywhere, and retain its spirit, and in order to do this, jealously maintain its form. Too many of us are like the little girl who, at the close of her evening prayer one day said: "Now good-by, God; good-by, Jesus Christ, I'm going to Boston to-morrow."

GIVING is indeed a fruit of love, but it is not love itself. Love is a spiritual gift which involves the heart and not the hand alone; love denotes not what the hand does, but what the heart feels.

IF you would be tolerated, be tolerant. If you would hear the truth, tell it. If you would not be troubled, don't be troublesome.

GOOD NATURE AT HOME.—No trait of character is more valuable in a wife than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn out by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a sweet disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. When it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of the heart. Smiles, kind words and looks characterize the children, and love and peace have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold. It is more than beauty, and retains all its freshness and power to the close of life.

WHAT pleasure it is to pay one's debts! In the first place, it removes that uneasiness which a person feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence which is so very interesting to an honest mind. It opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what you want on future occasions. It leaves a consciousness of our virtue: and it is a measure that we know to be right, both in point of justice and in sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you when the storm of adversity beats upon your head; swarms of insects will always surround you while you enjoy the sunshine of prosperity.

TRUE wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

Marriages.

In Polk Co. Ga., Sept. 16th, at the residence of Mr. Haden Prior, by the Rev. J. B. Guillian, Mr. THOMAS J. PAYNE, of Rome, Ga., to Mrs. A. PORTS, of Cedartown, Ga. (Both graduates of the Georgia Institution.)

In New York City, Aug. 18th, by Rev. S. F. Holmes, Assistant Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Mr. CHARLES SAGE, of Ithaca, N. Y., to Miss LIZZIE M. DODD, of New York. (Both graduates of the N. Y. Institution.)

Deaths.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 7th, PHILIP VALENTINE, late of Boston. (A native of England, and a graduate of the London Institution.)